

THE SALESWOMAN

Compelled to Be on Her Feet the Larger Part of the Day Finds a Tonic In Pe-ru-na.

Miss Curtin, of St. Paul, Gives Her Experience.



Miss Nellie Curtin.

MISS NELLIE CURTIN, 646 Pearl street, St. Paul, Minn., head saleswoman in a department store writes:

"I have charge of a department in a dry goods store, and after standing the larger part of the day, I would go home with a dull ache, generally through my entire body. I used Pe-ru-na and feel so much better that I walk to and from the store now. I know Pe-ru-na to be the best medicine on the market for the diseases peculiar to women."—Miss Nellie Curtin.

Nothing is so weakening to the human system as the constant loss of mucus. Catarrhal inflammation of the mucus membrane produces an excessive formation of mucus. Whether the mucus mem-

brane be located in the head or pelvic organs, the discharge of mucus is sure to occur.

This discharge of mucus constitutes a weakening drain; the system cannot long withstand the loss of mucus, hence it is that women afflicted with catarrhal affections of the pelvic organs feel tired and languid, with weak back and throbbing brain. A course of Pe-ru-na is sure to restore health by cutting off the weakening drain of the daily loss of mucus.

An Admirable Tonic.

Congressman Mark H. Dunnell, National Hotel, Washington, D. C., writes:

"Your Pe-ru-na being used by myself and many of my friends and acquaintances not only as a cure for catarrh but also as an admirable tonic for physical recuperation, I gladly recommend it to all persons requiring such remedies."—Mark H. Dunnell.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Pe-ru-na, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Prof. J. W. Jenks of Cornell believes that women are well fitted by nature to become managers of large hotels, and suggests that schools of domestic science extend their courses to prepare educated women for the profession.

The South McAlester (Indian Territory) News relates that a negro criminal in the Choctaw nation was so badly scared by being arrested that he turned an ashen gray, and has never recovered his proper color.

The Rock Island railroad is probably the only road in the country which employs a woman as boss of a section gang. This road finds that she can make the men work hard. It would be interesting to know how much her husband weighs.

Japan is getting the bicycle craze; it imported \$2,700,000 worth of wheels last year, mostly of the cheaper grades, costing from \$12 to \$25. They are chiefly used for business purposes, also in the army.

You may have the moral right to do so, but it is not necessary. Hunt's Cure will instantly relieve and promptly cure that itching trouble in whatever form. It is made solely for that purpose. Price 50c per box.

One misplaced comma sent the Massachusetts excise law wrong, another threatens a Nebraska prisoner with the gallows. Law framers should mind, besides their p's and q's, their punctuation.

"In the good old summer time" drink Dr. Pepper. It leaves a pleasant farewell and a gracious call-back. At all Soda Fountains 5c per glass.

Wearing monocles, the latest fashion for ladies, a craze recently started in Paris by ladies of the Servian colony, is extending to London.

Fifth year of Landon Conservatory opens Sept. 8th. The famous pianist, Edward B. Perry, is one of its teachers. Address Box 591, Dallas, Texas.

Any man who refuses to argue with a woman possesses Solomon's brand of wisdom.

Today Is the Day to see about painting and papering your house. We do first-class work in the country as well as in the city—if you don't believe it try us and see! Lowest figures. W. T. CAMP & SON, 216 Franklin street, Houston, Texas.

The idler should bear in mind that a work of art is but the outcome of the art of work.

FIVE Permanently Cured. No fee or remuneration after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Kidney and Bladder Remedy. Send for FREE 60-00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. M. Kline, Ltd., 91 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Alaska's commerce last year, exclusive of gold production, reached \$30,000,000, or nearly three times the amount paid for the territory.

More Flexible and Lasting. woman's shake out or blow out; by using Tanbush's Shave you obtain better results than possible with any other brand and one-third more for same money.

Some great men are not only great by contrast.

The average boy outgrows his trousers faster than he does his deviltry.

Many of the so-called gums of thought are nothing but paste.

THE LION'S WHELP

A Story of Cromwell's Time

BY AMELIA E. BARR

Author of "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," "I, Thou and the Other One," "The Maid of Maiden Lane," Etc.

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"Now, indeed, you pierce my heart. You at his mercy! It is an intolerable shame! It will make me cry out, even when I sleep! I shall die of it. You! You to be at his mercy—at the mercy of that Puritan braggart. Oh, I cannot endure it!"

"You see that I endure it very comfortably, Matilda. The man behaved as a gentleman and a soldier. I have even taken a liking to him. I have also paid back his kindness; we are quits, and as soldiers' friends. And I can assure you no one's honor suffered, mine least of all."

But Matilda was hard to comfort. Her last interview with her lover was saddened and troubled by this disagreement.

This, then, was the end of the visit from which she had expected so much, and one sad gray morning in November they reached London.

Matilda said to herself in the first hours of her return that she would not see Jane, but as the day wore on she changed her mind. So she wrote and asked her to come, and Jane answered the request in person, at once. Her admiration for her friend's beautiful gown and lace and jewels, and her interest in Matilda's descriptions of the circumstances in which they were worn, was so genuine, that Matilda had forgotten her relation to Lord Neville, when the irritating name was mentioned.

"Did you see Lord Neville in Paris?" Jane asked.

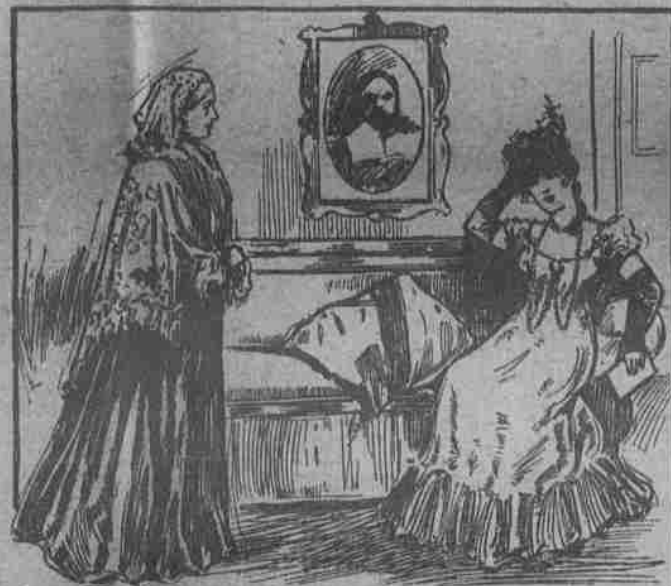
"No," Matilda answered sharply. "I did not see him. He called one day, and had a long talk with Sir Thomas, but I had a headache, and I had more delightful company. He pretended my seeing the Queen of Bohemia on my return, because he offered to attend to my uncle's business at

to the Royalists; the nation, without regard to party, was bitterly incensed and alarmed. Cromwell was no exception; the most conservative of men, he also grew angry and restless when he saw the reign of the saints beginning in earnest.

Soon the anger outside the Parliament House rose to fury. Doubtless Cromwell had foreseen this crisis. Certainly a large number of the members were of his way of thinking, and on the twelfth of December, Col. Sydenham rose, and accusing the members of wishing to put a Mosaic code in place of the Common Law of England—of depreciating a regular ministry (for what need of one, if all men could prophesy?) and of opposing learning and education, he declared the salvation of the nation lay in resigning the trust committed to them into the hands of the Lord General Cromwell. The motion was seconded by Sir Charles Wolseley. The Speaker left the chair, and followed by a majority of the members, went to Whitehall, and there and then they wrote out their resignation.

No serious opposition was made. Some thirty of the members remained in the House "to protest," but Col. Goff entering with a file of musketeers, the argument was quickly closed. Three days after this event a new Council of State resolved that his Excellency be chosen Lord Protector of the three nations, and on the sixteenth of December he so installed in Westminster Hall.

"And you would think that he had been publicly scorned instead of publicly chosen," said Israel to his wife. "He looks miserable; he is silent and downcast, and talks much to himself. Yet he is in his right place, and the only man in England who can save us from anarchy." Martha, his Excellency



Mrs. Swaffham and Jane were glad to return home.

The Hague for him, and for this interference I do not thank Lord Neville."

"Nor I," answered Jane. "Had he not gone to The Hague he might have been in London by this time."

Jane had risen as she said these words, and was tying on her bonnet, and Matilda watched her with a curious interest. "I was wondering," she said slowly, "if you will be glad to marry Cluny Neville and go away to Scotland with him."

"Oh, yes," Jane answered, her eyes shining, her mouth wreathed in smiles, her whole being expressing her delight in such an anticipation. Matilda made no further remark, but when Jane had closed the door behind her, she sat down thoughtfully by the fire, and stirring together the red embers, sighed rather than said:

"Why do people marry and bring up sons and daughters? This girl has been loved to the uttermost by her father and mother and brothers, and she will gladly leave them all to go off with this young Scot. She will call it 'Sacrifice for Love's sake'; I call it pure selfishness. Yet I am not a whit whiter than she. I would have stayed in Paris with Rupert, though my good uncle was in danger. I think I will go to my evening service," and as she rose for her Common Prayer, she was saying under her breath, "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done. And there is no health in us."

CHAPTER XI.

Oliver Protector.

The popular discontent with the rapid and radical reforms of the saints' Parliament was not confined

and her Highness desire your company, and that of Jane, to the ceremony. You will go?"

"I had better stay at home, Israel. I cannot 'Your Highness' Elizabeth Cromwell. Jane will go."

"And you, too, Martha. I wish it." "I never go against your wishes, Israel—at least not often."

So it happened that on the sixteenth of December, Mrs. Swaffham and Jane were dressing for Whitehall. Mrs. Swaffham was nervous and irritable; nervous, because she feared her gown was not as handsome as it ought to be; irritable, because she felt that circumstances were going to control her behaviour, whether she approved or not. Jane was unable to encourage or cheer her mother; she was herself the most unhappy maiden in London that day. For eighteen days she had been forced to accept the fact that Cluny was at least sixteen days behind all probable and improbable delays. She had not received a line from him since he left Paris; no one had. He had apparently vanished as completely as a stone dropped into mid-ocean. She had been often at Jevrey House, and during two of her visits had managed to see Sir Thomas and ask "if he had any intelligence from Lord Neville." On her first inquiry he answered her anxiously; on his second his reply showed some anger.

He offered voluntarily to take charge of Lady Jevrey's jewels and to collect his money at The Hague; and unless he was certain of his ability to do these things safely, he ought not to have sought the charge."

And with these words there entered into Jane's heart a suspicion that hurt her like a sword-thrust. She found herself saying continually, "It is im-

possible! impossible! Oh, my God, where is he?"

The ride back to Whitehall after the installation of the Lord Protector was an intoxicating one. Londoners had at last a ruler who was a prominently able man. They could go to their shops, and buy and sell in security. Oliver Protector would see to their rights and their welfare. His very appearance was satisfying; he was not a young man headstrong and reckless, but a Protector who had been tried on the battlefield and in the Council Chamber and never found wanting.

But be the day glad or sad, time runs through it, and the shadows of evening found the whole city worn out with their own emotions. Mrs. Swaffham and Jane were glad to return to the quiet of their home—"Not but what we have had a great day, Jane," said the elder woman; "but, dear me, child, what a waste of life it is! I feel ten years older. It would not do to spend one's self this way very often."

"I am tired to death, mother. May I stay in my room this evening?"

"You are fretting, Jane, and fretting is bad for you every way. Why will you do it?"

"How can I help it, mother?"

Then Mrs. Swaffham looked at her daughter's white face, and said, "You know, dear, where and how to find the comfort you need. God help you, child."

And oh, how good it was to the heart-sick girl, to be at last alone, to be able to weep unwatched and unchecked—to shut the door of her soul on the world and open it to God, to tell Him all her doubt and fear and lonely grief. This was her consolation, even though no sensible comfort came from it—though the heavens seemed far off, and there was no ray of light, no whisper from beyond to encourage her.

At nine o'clock her mother brought her a posset and toast, and she took them gratefully. "Is father home?" she asked.

"Yes, Jane. He came in an hour ago with Doctor Verity."

"Have they any word of —?"

"I fear not. They would have told me at once. I haven't seen much of them. There were lots of things undone, and badly done, to look after."

"If Doctor Verity gives you any opportunity will you speak about Cluny, mother?"

"You know I will. He and others will, maybe, have time for a word of kindness now. Now Cromwell has got his way, there will be only Cromwell to please, and surely a whole city will can manage that."

"I don't suppose he has ever thought of Cluny being so long over time."

"Not he! He has had things far closer to him to look after."

"But now?"

"Now he will inquire after the lad. Doctor Verity must speak to him. Dear Jane, do you suppose I don't see how you are suffering? I do, my girl, and I suffer with you. But even your father thinks we are worrying ourselves for nothing. He says Cluny will walk in some day and tell his own story—nothing worse than a fit of ague or fever, or even a wound from some street pad; perhaps a heavy snowstorm, or the swampy Netherlands under water. Men can't fight the elements, or even outwit them, dear. Mother is with you, Jane, don't you doubt that," and she stepped forward and clasped the girl to her breast.

Jane's supposition that Doctor Verity would be with her father and that their talk would be only of Cromwell, was correct. Mrs. Swaffham found the two men smoking at the fireside, and their conversation was of the Men and the Hour.

"I am sorry for Oliver Cromwell. Such a load as he has shouldered! Can he bear it?" said Israel.

"Through God's help, yes; and ten times over, yes! He is a great man," answered the Doctor.

"I think more of measures than of men," continued Israel.

"Very good. But something depends on the men, just as in a fire something depends on the grate," said the Doctor. "Oliver will do his work, and he will do it well, and then go to Him who sent him. Verily, I believe he will hear the 'Well done' of his Master."

"And then?"

"The Commonwealth will be over. The soul of it will have departed—can it live afterwards?"

"If I survive the Puritan government," said Israel, "I will join the pilgrims who have gone over the great seas."

"I will go with you, Israel, but we will not call ourselves 'pilgrims.' No, indeed! No men are less like pilgrims than they who go, not to wander about, but to build homes and cities and found republics in the land they have been led to. They are citizens, not pilgrims."

At these words Mrs. Swaffham, who had listened between sleeping and waking, roused herself thoroughly. "Israel," she said, "I will not go across seas. It is not likely. Swaffham is our very own; and we will stay in Swaffham."

(To be continued.)

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The Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths has presented to the University of London the whole of the valuable library of economic literature which it purchased some ten years ago from Professor Foxwell.

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